

The train's engineer recognized the warning signal ahead.



He grabbed the air brake lever and reversed his engine.



A piercing squeal of metal on metal cut the night air as the engineer did his best to halt the speeding train.



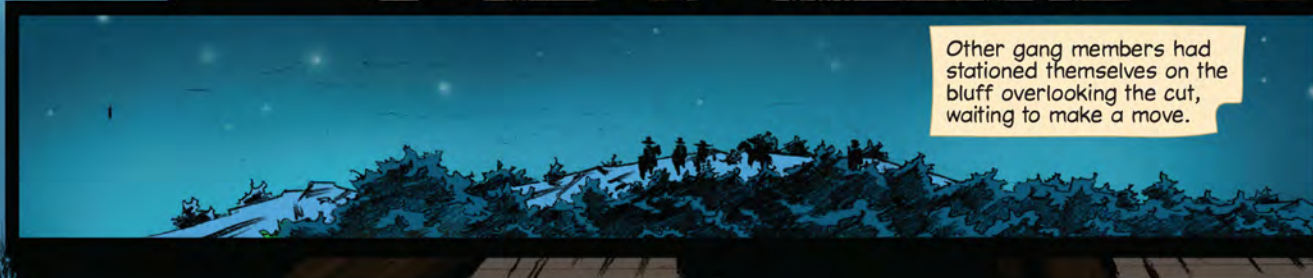
But the distance was too short.



The locomotive's cowcatcher hit the stacked ties and slid up on top of them before finally coming to a stop.

Now the robbers began firing off their pistols and letting out triumphant whoops from both sides of the train.

Other gang members had stationed themselves on the bluff overlooking the cut, waiting to make a move.



The locomotive's own weight caused it to ease backward and down again upon the rails.



The desperados kept up their yelling and gunshots.



Two robbers clambered up into the locomotive's cab.



BETTER KEEP QUIET, YOU KNOW... AND HOLD HER REAL STEADY.





The baggage master, 21-year-old Pete Conklin, was alone in the express car.



GIVE US THE KEYS.

I...I DON'T HAVE THEM...I SWEAR.

PEARS THIS BASTARD'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

DAMMIT... DAMMIT!!!



The men's faces were covered with bandanas up above their noses, but Conklin couldn't miss the fierce blue eyes of the man who was the leader.

His eyes seemed to blink more than normal.



This man shoved his six-shooter into Conklin's rib cage...



...and demanded he tell them who had the keys.



I SUPPOSE THE MESSENGER HAS 'EM.

WHERE'S THE EXPRESS MESSENGER, THEN?

HE'S BACK IN THE TRAIN SOMEWHERE.

COME WITH ME AND FIND HIM.



As the robbers and Conklin worked their way through the cars, some of the passengers sat up and were completely still...

...scared they might be shot if they made even a slight move.



It didn't take long for Conklin to find Bushnell.

YOU'RE THE MAN I WANT.



COME FORWARD NOW AND UNLOCK THAT SAFE WITHOUT ANY NONSENSE.

BUT I DON'T HAVE THE KEY TO THE SAFE.



YOU WANT TO FIND IT DAMNED QUICK.

Then, with a "Goodbye, boys," the robbers jumped to the ground at the side of the car and mounted their horses.

As they disappeared down the tracks, one of them fired a parting shot in the air...

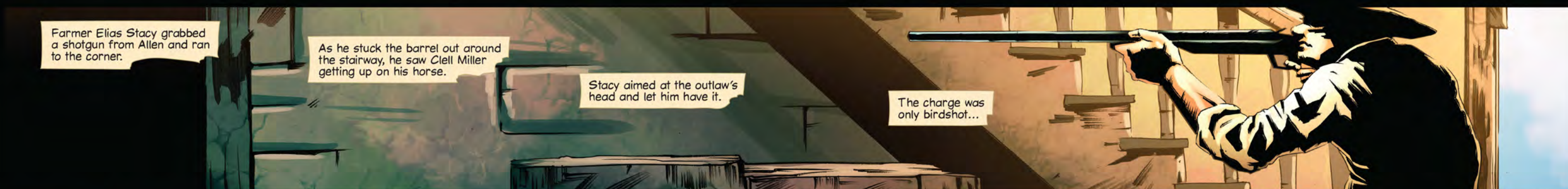
TELL
ALLAN PINKERTON
AND ALL HIS DETECTIVES
TO LOOK FOR US
IN HELL!





At the first sounds of gunfire, Jesse, Jim Younger, and Bill Chadwell--then waiting in Mill Square--put spurs to their horses...

...and began yelling like fiends and shooting their revolvers as they galloped to Division Street.



Farmer Elias Stacy grabbed a shotgun from Allen and ran to the corner.

As he stuck the barrel out around the stairway, he saw Clell Miller getting up on his horse.

Stacy aimed at the outlaw's head and let him have it.

The charge was only birdshot...



...but the blast knocked Miller to the ground.



He picked himself up and got back on his horse, but he couldn't shake off the stinging from the pellet-size wounds.

Cole glanced over and saw the blood trickling down Miller's face.



During the commotion...

Bunker slowly edged over toward a shelf below the teller's window...

...his eyes on a loaded .32-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver.



But Younger saw the teller's movement and also spotted the revolver.



YOU NEEDN'T TRY TO GET HOLD OF THAT.

YOU COULDN'T DO ANYTHING WITH THAT LITTLE DERRINGER ANYWAY.

Frank yelled to Younger to gather up what money there was on the counter, and Younger pulled a grain sack from beneath his duster.



WHERE'S THE CASHIER'S TILL?

THERE'S THE MONEY OUTSIDE.



The small box contained only nickels and scrip. Younger grabbed a couple of handfuls.



But then he hesitated.

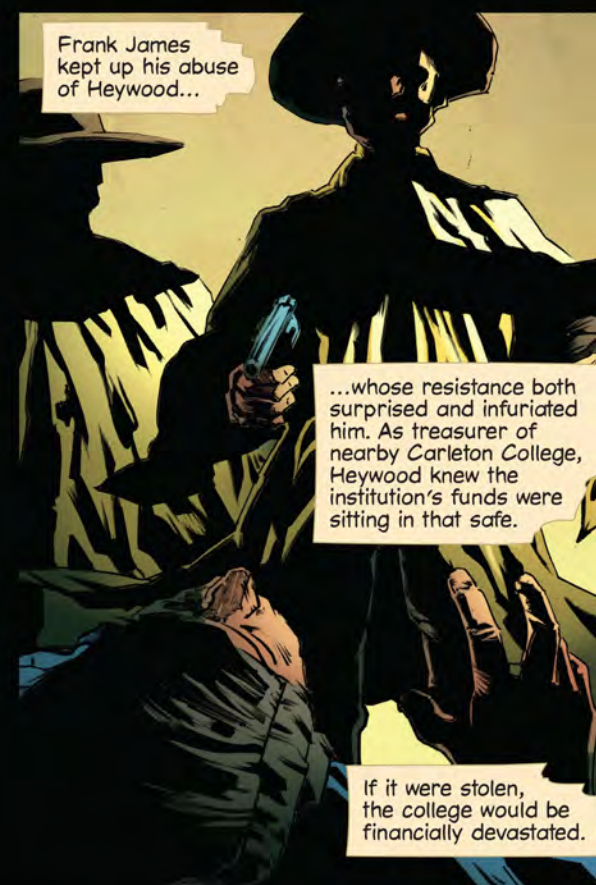


THERE'S MORE MONEY THAN THAT OUT HERE. WHERE'S THE CASHIER'S TILL?



Younger pulled open a drawer in the counter, saw there was nothing but stationery, and slammed it shut.

Had he pulled open the drawer next to it, he would've discovered approximately \$2,000 in cash.



Frank James kept up his abuse of Heywood...

...whose resistance both surprised and infuriated him. As treasurer of nearby Carleton College, Heywood knew the institution's funds were sitting in that safe.

If it were stolen, the college would be financially devastated.



DAMN YOU!

OPEN THAT DOOR OR WE'LL CUT YOUR THROAT FROM EAR TO EAR.



Pitts grabbed the back of Heywood's head.